

# Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### THE LIMITATIONS OF NAPOLEON.\*

What after all, is the story?

Into a career of a score of years he crowded his own dazzling career, his conquests, his triumphant assault on the Old World. In that brief space we see the lean, hungry conqueror swell into the sovereign, and then into the sovereign of sovereigns. Then comes the catastrophe. He loses the balance of his judgment and becomes a curse to his own country and to all others. He cannot be still himself, or give mankind an instant of repose. His neighbors' landmarks become playthings to him; he cannot leave them alone; he manipulates them for the mere love of moving them. His island enemy is on his nerves; he sees her everywhere; he strikes at her blindly and wildly. And so he produces universal unrest, universal hostility, the universal sense of his incompatibility with all established society. But he pursues his path as if possessed, as if driven by the inward sting of some burning devil. He has ceased to be sane. The intellect and energy are still there, but, as it were, in caricature; they have become monstrosities. Body and mind are affected by the prolonged strain to be more than mortal. Then there is the inevitable collapse; and at St. Helena we are watching, with curious compassion, the reaction and decline.

\* Napoleon: The Last Phase. By Lord Rosebery. Copyright 1900. Harper & Brothers. Price 95c.

The truth we take to be this. The mind of man has not in it sufficient ballast to enable it to exercise, or endure for long, supreme uncontrolled power. Or, to put it in other words, the human frame is unequal to anything approaching omnipotence. All history, from the Caesars onward, teaches us this. Strong as was the intellect of Napoleon, it formed no exception to the rule.

For in the first period of his consulate he was an almost ideal ruler. He was firm, sagacious, far-seeing, energetic, just. He was moreover, what is not of less importance, ready and anxious to learn. He was, indeed, conscious of extreme ignorance on the civil side of his administration. But he was never ashamed to ask the meaning of the simplest word or the most elementary procedure; and he never asked twice. He thus acquired and assimilated all necessary information with extraordinary rapidity. But when he had learned all that his councillors could teach him, he realized his superiority to all men with whom he had been brought into contact. He arrived at the conclusion—probably a just one—that his genius was as unfailing and supreme in the art of statesmanship as in the art of war, and that he was as much the first ruler as the first captain of the world. That discovery, or conviction, backed by the forces and resources of France, in-

spired him with an ambition, at first vague, but growing as it was fed; at last immeasurable—and impossible. Nothing seemed impracticable, nothing illusory. Why should it? He had never failed, except, perhaps, at Acre. He beheld around him incapable monarchs, incapable generals, incapable ministers, the languid barriers of a crumbling society. There seemed nothing in the world to check a second Alexander, even more reckless and enterprising than he whose career had inspired his own boyish dreams.

Had he proceeded more slowly, had he taken time to realize and consolidate his acquisitions, it is difficult to limit the extent to which his views might have been realized. But the edifice of his empire was so prodigiously successful that he would not pause, even a moment, to allow the cement to harden. And as he piled structure on structure, it became evident that he had ceased to consider its base. That base was France, capable of heroic effort and endurance, of all, indeed, but the impossible. The limit at last was reached. Great as were her resources, she could no longer supply the reckless demands of her ruler. In 1812 he left three hundred thousand Frenchmen amid the snows of Russia. In 1813 he summoned one million three hundred thousand more under arms. And these were only the culminating figures of a long series of overdrafts, anticipations of the annual conscription, terrible drains on the population of France proper—a population of some thirty millions.

He, no doubt, had convinced himself, with that faculty of self-persuasion which is at once the weakness and the strength of extraordinary minds, that he had in reality enlarged his foundation; that it had increased in exact proportion to the increase of his dominions; that the Germans and Italians and Dutchmen who

served under his banners formed a solid accretion to it; that his empire rested on a homogeneous mass of eighty millions of equally loyal subjects. He seemed to consider that each annexation, however procured, added as many valid instruments of his policy as it did human beings to his realm. It added, as a rule, nothing but veiled discontent and expectant revolt. Frederick the Great was wont, it is true, to compel the prisoners whom he captured in battle to serve in his ranks. But he was under no illusions as to the zeal and fidelity of these reluctant recruits. Napoleon, however, considered or professed to consider, that the populations that he had conquered could be relied upon as subjects and soldiers. This strange hallucination indicated the loss of his judgment, and, more than any other cause, brought about his fall.

Whom God wishes to destroy, says the adage, He first deprives of sanity. And so we see Napoleon, with incredible self-delusion, want of insight, or both, preparing his own destruction by dealing with men as if they were checkers, and moving them about the board according to his own momentary whim without a thought of their passions, or character or traditions; in a word, by ignoring human nature. Take for one example, the singular apportionment of souls, in a despatch of February 15, 1810: "I approve of this report with the following modifications: 1. Only to take from the Italian Tyrol two hundred and eighty thousand souls, a population equal to that of Bayreuth and Ratisbon. 2. That Bavaria should only give up for the Kingdom of Wurtemberg and the Duchies of Baden and Darmstadt a population of one hundred and fifty thousand souls. So that, instead of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand souls, Bavaria should gain two hundred and forty thousand or two hundred and fifty thousand. Out of the one hundred and

fifty thousand souls ceded by Bavaria, I think one must give one hundred and ten thousand to Wurtemberg, twenty-five thousand to Baden, and fifteen thousand to Darmstadt." It is only fair to add that the congress of his enemies at Vienna proceeded, with flattering imitation, on the same principles.

But the exasperation of the transferred and re-transferred souls was not the only result of this mania for cutting and carving. It produced a moral effect which was disastrous to the new empire. The founder of such a dynasty should have attempted to convince the world of the stability of his arrangements. He himself, however, spared no exertion to prove the contrary. Moving boundaries, shifting realms, giving and taking back, changing, revising and reversing, he seemed to have set before himself the object of demonstrating that his foundations were never fixed, that nothing in his structure was definite or permanent. It was the suicide of system. His bitterest enemies could hardly have hoped to suggest that conquests so dazzling were transient and insecure had he not taken such infinite pains to prove it.

Austria and Prussia he had conquered; Spain and Italy he had annexed; he reckoned these therefore, as submissive auxiliaries. Russia he had both defeated and cajoled; so all was at his feet. He never seems to have given a thought to the storm of undying hatred, rancor, and revenge that was chafing and raging below.

He added a Spanish contingent to his grand army when the Spaniards were cutting the throat of every Frenchman whom they could find. He added a Prussian contingent, when he must have known, had he been sane, that no Prussians could ever forgive him the humiliations which he had heaped upon their country. He added an Austrian contingent at a time when a much less clear-sighted observer

must have been aware that it was merely a corps of hostile observation.

Supreme power, then, destroyed the balance of his judgment and common sense, and so brought about his fall. But it was not the only cause. There was another factor. He was deeply imbued with the passion of warfare. It is difficult to realize the full strength of this fascination, for, though all soldiers feel the fever of the field, it is rarely given in all the countless generations of the world to experience it in its full strength, as one who enjoys, as absolute ruler, the sole direction, responsibility, and hazard of great wars. But if common men love to risk chances in the lottery or with the dice, on the race-course or the stock exchange, if there they can find the sting of excitement, war is the gambling of the gods. The haunting risks of disaster; the unspeakable elation of victory; the gigantic vicissitudes of triumph and defeat; the tumult and frenzy and divine sweat; the very scorn of humanity and all that touches it, life and property and happiness, the anguish of the dying, the horror of the dead—all these sublimated passions not merely seem to raise man for a moment beyond his fellows, but constitute a strain which human nerves are not able long to endure. And Napoleon's character was profoundly affected by the gambling of warfare. The star of his destiny, which bulked so largely in his mind, was but the luck of the gambler on a vast scale. He had indeed his full measure of the gross and petty superstition which ordinarily accompanies the vice. And so, even in his most desperate straits, he cannot bring himself to close the account and sign a peace; for he always cherishes the gambler's hope that fortune, or the star of destiny or whatever it be called, may yet produce another transformation, and restore all his losses by a sudden stroke.

## IN THE HEART OF THE HILLS.\*

It is well known that when God created the earth He first fashioned this tangle of hill land, and set thereon a primitive Bada-Mawidi, the first of the clan, who was the ancestor in the thousandth degree of the excellent Fazir Khan, the present father of the tribe.

The houses clustered on the scarp and enclosed a piece of well-beaten ground and one huge cedar tree. Sounds came from the near houses, but around the tree itself the more privileged sat in solemn conclave. Food and wine were going the round, for the Maulai Mohammedans have no taloos in eating and drinking. Fazir Khan sat smoking next the tree trunk, a short, sinewy man with a square Aryan face, clear-cut and cruel. His chiefs were around him, all men of the same type, showing curiously fair faces against their oiled black hair. A mullah sat cross-legged, his straggling beard in his lap, talking some crazy charm to himself, and looking every now and again with anxious eyes to the guest who sat on the chief's right hand.

The guest was a long, thin man, clad in the Cossacks' fur-lined military cloak, under which his untanned riding-boots showed red in the moonlight. He was still busy eating goat's flesh, cheese and fruits, and drinking deeply from the sweet Hunza wine, like a man who had come far and fast. He ate with the utmost disregard of his company. He might have been a hunter supping alone in the solitary hills for all the notice he took of the fifty odd men around him.

By and by he finished, pulled forth a silver toothpick from an inner pocket,

and reached a hand for the long cherry-wood pipe which had been placed beside him. He lit it, and blew a few clouds into the calm air.

"Now, Fazir Khan," he said, "I am a new man, and we shall talk. First, have you done my bidding?"

"Thy bidding has been done," said the great man sulkily. "See, I am here with my chiefs. All the twenty villages of my tribe have been warned, and arms have been got from the fools at Bardur. Also, I have the Yarkand powder I was told of, to give the signals on the hills. The Nazri Pass road which we alone know, has been widened. What more could man do?"

"That's well," said the other. "It's well for you and your people that you have done this. Your service shall not be forgotten. Otherwise" —

"Otherwise?" said the Fazir Khan, his hand travelling to his belt at the sound of a threat.

The man laughed. "You know the tale," he said. "Doubtless your mother told you it when you clutched at her breast. Some day a great white people from the North will come down and swallow up the disobedient. That day is now at hand. You have been wise in time. Therefore I say it is well."

The stranger spoke with perfect coolness. He looked round curiously at the circle of dark faces, and laughed quietly to himself. The chief stole one look at him and then said something to a follower.

"I need not speak of the reward," said the stranger. "You are our servants and duty is duty. But I have authority for saying that we will hold your work in mind when we have settled our business."

"What would ye be without us?" said

\*The Half-Hearted. By John Buchan. Copyright, 1900. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.

the chief in sudden temper. "What do ye know of the Nazri gates or the hill country? What is this talk of duty, when ye cannot stir a foot without our aid?"

"Ye are our servants, as I said before," said the man curtly. "You have taken our gold and our food. Where would you be, outlaws, vagrants that you are, hated of God and man, but for our help? Your bodies would have rotted long ago in the stony hills. The kites would be feeding on your sons; your women would be in the Bokhara market. We have saved you a dozen times from the vengeance of the English. When they wished to come up and burn you out, we have put them past the project with smooth words. We have fed you in famine, we have killed your enemies, we have given you life. You are freemen indeed in the face of the world, but you are our servants."

Fazir Khan made a gesture of impatience. "That is as God may direct it," he said. "Who are ye but a people of yesterday, while the Bada-Mawidi is as old as the rocks. The English were here before you, and we before the English. It is right that youth should reverence age."

"That is one proverb," said the man, "but there are others, and in especial one to the effect that the man without a sword should bow before his brother who has one. In this game we are people with the sword, my friends."

The hillman shrugged his shoulders. His men looked on darkly, as if little in love with the stranger's manner of speech.

"It is ill working in the dark," he said at length. "Ye speak of this attack and the aid ye expect from us, but we have heard this talk before. One of your people came down with some followers in my father's time, and his words were the same, but lo! nothing has yet happened."

"Since your father's time things have changed, my brother. Then the English were very much on the watch, now they sleep. Then there were no roads, or very bad ones, and before an army could reach the plains the whole empire would have been wakened. Now, for their own undoing, they have made roads up to the very foot of yon mountains, and there is a new railway down the Indus through Kohistan waiting to carry us into the heart of the Punjab. They seek out inventions for others to enjoy, as the Koran says, and in this case we are to be the enjoyers."

"But what if ye fail?" said the chief. "Ye will be penned up in that Hunza valley like sheep, and I, Fazir Khan, shall be unable to unlock the door of that sheepfold."

"We shall not fail. This is no war of rock-pigeons, my brothers. Our agents are in every town and village from Bardur to Lahore. The frontier tribes, you among the rest, are rising in our favor. There is nothing to stop us but isolated garrisons of Ghoorkas and Pathans, with a few over-worked English officers at their head. In a week we shall hold Calcutta and Bombay."

The chief nodded his head. Such far-off schemes pleased his fancy, but only remotely touched his interest. Calcutta was beyond his ken, but he knew Bardur and Gilgit.

"I have little love for the race," he said. "They hanged two of my servants who ventured too near the rifle-room, and they shot my son in the back when we raided the Chitralls. If ye and your friends cross the border I will be with you. But meantime, till that day, what is my duty?"

"To wait in patience, and above all things to let the garrisons alone. If we stir up the hive in the valleys, they may come and see things too soon for our success. We must win by secrecy and surprise. All is lost if we cannot



reach the railway before the Punjaub is stirring."

The mullah had ceased muttering to himself. He scrambled to his feet shaking down his rags over his knees, a lean, crazy apparition of a man with deep-set, smouldering eyes.

"I will speak, he cried. "Ye listen to the man's words and ye are silent, believing all things. Ye are silent, my children, because ye know not. But I am old and have seen many things, and these are my words. Ye speak of pushing out the English from the land. Allah knows I love not the breed! I spit upon it. I thirst for the heart of every man, woman and child, that I might burn them in the sight of all of you. But I have heard this talk before. When I was a young priest at Kufaz, there was word of this pushing out of the foreigner, and I rejoiced, being unwise. Then there was much fighting, and at the end more English came up from the valleys, and before we knew, we were paying tribute. Since then many of our people have gone down from the mountains with the same thought, and they have never returned. Only the English and the troops have crept nearer. Now this stranger talks of his Czar and how an army will come through the passes, and foreigner will fight with foreigner. This talk, too, I have heard. Once there came a man with a red beard who spoke thus, and he went down to Bardur, and lo! our men told me that they saw him hanged there for a warning. Let foreigner war on foreigner if they please, but what have we to do in the quarrel, my children? Ye owe nothing to either."

The stranger regarded the speaker with calm eyes of amusement.

"Nothing," said he, "except that we have fed you and armed you. By your own acts ye are the servants of my master."

The mullah was rapidly working himself into a frenzy. He swung his long, bony arms across his breast and turned his face skywards. "Ye hear that, my children. The free people, the Bada-Mawidl, of whose loins sprang Abraham the prophet, are the servants of some foreign dog in the north. If ye were like your fathers, ye would have long ere this wiped out the taunt in blood."

The man sat perfectly composed, save that his right hand had grasped a revolver. He was playing a bold game, but he had played it before. And he knew the man whom he had to deal with.

"I say again, ye are my master's servants by your own confession. I did not say his slaves. Ye are a free people, but ye will serve a greater in this affair. As for this dog who blasphemes, when we have settled more important matters, we will attend to him."

The mullah was scarcely a popular member of his tribe, for no one stirred at the call. The stranger sat watching him with very bright, eager eyes. Suddenly he ceased his genuflexions, there was a gleam of steel among his rags, then something bright flashed in the air. It fell short, because at the very moment of throwing, a revolver had cracked out in the silence, and a bullet had broken two of his fingers. The man flung himself writhing on the ground, howling forth imprecations.

The stranger looked half apologetically at the chief whose glum demeanor had never relaxed. "Sorry," he said, "it had to be done in self-defense. But I ask your pardon for it."

Fazir Khan nodded carelessly. "He is a disturber of peace, and to one who cannot fight, a hand matters little. But, by Allah, ye foreigners shoot quick."

## A MISTRESS OF A MANSE.\*

In Madam Smith's time, and for many a long year before and after, there was never a matron so wealthy that she had not her hands full of Martha-like cares. In general, the richer the family the more arduous were these cares; but, of them all, not even the lady of a manor was so overburdened as was the parson's wife—the "madam" as she was generally styled—so much was demanded of her, so multifarious were her duties. Ministerial stipends were then very small. Mr. Smith's salary at the time of his settlement, in 1754, was "220 Spanish dollars or an equivalent in old tenor bills." In addition to this he was to receive, as what was then known as a "settlement," "140 ounces of silver or an equivalent in old tenor bills, annually for three years." I believe that the yearly salary was subsequently increased, but do not know to what extent.

Salaries of four or even of three hundred dollars a year were considered liberal in country places until years after the Revolution. On such small sums, eked out by the produce of a certain number of acres of glebe-land, the minister was expected not only to support his own family, but to bear an undue share in the entertaining of strangers, as well as in aiding the neighboring poor. When, as sometimes happened, either the pastor or his wife had private property, still more was expected of them, and rarely indeed did they fail to respond to this expectation. Parson Smith, in a letter to his son-in-law, the Rev. Daniel Smith of Stamford, Connecticut, written in 1804, states that in his family there were maintained, in addition to his own six children, "an

average of four penniless orphans during more than thirty years." These were not only fed and clothed, but educated at the parson's sole expense. They, with his own children, the divinity students, and some of the boys whom he fitted for college and who resided with him, made a household of unusual numbers even for those days of large families, and entailed a great amount of care and labor on his own part, while his wife must have been very heavily burdened.

Long working hours were a necessity of the period. Five o'clock was the usual breakfast hour in summer, and from six to half-past six in winter. Dinner was at noon, and tea at six in winter and seven in summer. This was so that the many tasks might be accomplished, for sufficient unto each day was its own work; it had no room for labors left over from the day before.

Wheat, rye and corn were ground into flour and meal at the local mills, and salted fish, sugar, molasses, "West India sweetmeats," and, excepting in war times, tea, coffee and chocolate could be bought at the village stores; but aside from these, with long volumes of a country store's account-books covering many years, open before me, I can hardly find a trace of any kind of provisions that did not have to be produced and prepared, from start to finish, by manual labor on the farms and in each individual household—and all this without the aid of any of the toll-saving devices which we now deem matters of course.

Upon the minister's wife devolved still other duties. She was expected to assist at all the births, weddings and funerals not only in the French sense, but as an active helper. It is related of

\* *Colonial Days and Ways*. By Helen Everson Smith. Copyright, 1900. The Century Co. Price \$2.50.

Madam Smith that for thirty years it was into her hands that most of the new-born babies of her husband's parish were committed for their first robings. And there being then, in country places at least, no undertakers, as we now understand the term, but in their stead only cabinet-makers, who made coffins as well as cradles, chairs and tables, Mrs. Smith shared with other ladies the last sad offices for friends and neighbors.

In times of general sickness—which were much more frequent than now, owing to the ignorance of sanitary precautions and all means for controlling contagious disease—both the pastor and his wife were ever at the service of the flock. It is recorded in Sedgwick's valuable history of Sharon that in the winter of 1784-85 there was a "three-months' visitation of the town by the small-pox, during which seven hundred persons out of a population of about two thousand had the dreaded disease, either naturally or by inoculation," and that throughout this time of distress Parson Smith and his wife "spent their entire time in close attendance upon the sick and dying."

The entertainment of strangers was a duty which perhaps devolved more frequently upon the family of a country pastor than it should have been permitted to do, but there were occasions when the hosts felt themselves much more than repaid.

Such an occasion came to Parson and Mrs. Smith in the month of June in 1770. On the 18th of this month came the Rev. George Whitefield on his last and greatest preaching tour. He had passed up the Hudson River, stopping to preach at all towns which would give him a hearing, including Albany, whence he passed onward to Schenectady. Turning at this point, he had come southward again, visiting townships from twenty to thirty or more miles back from the eastern bank of

the river, and preaching wherever allowed to do so in the churches, otherwise in the open air, until he reached Sharon.

Here, as had often happened in many other places, "there was," says Mr. Sedgwick, "considerable opposition to his being permitted to preach in the meeting-house," but Parson Smith's influence, always inclined to the liberal side on any question, prevailed, and the church doors were opened, and "that all the hearers from this and the neighboring towns might be well accommodated with seats, extensive scaffoldings were erected all around the house."

A few of the children and many of the grandchildren of those who had heard Whitefield in Sharon on this occasion were living in my girlhood, and marvellous indeed must have been the eloquence that was followed by such deep and far-reaching results, and was remembered so long.

Most marvellous must the preacher's successful efforts have seemed to one who, like Madam Smith, had spent the entire previous night by his bedside, burning dried stramonium-leaves that he might inhale the smoke, and in various other ways doing her utmost to enable the sufferer to get his breath, under the violent attacks of asthma which, three months later, ended his career.

Mrs. Smith and others had feared, all through this anxious night, that their revered patient would pass from earth before the morning's sun should rise, yet as it rose his sufferings became gradually less. He had two or three hours of refreshing sleep, followed by draughts of strong coffee, and before the noon came he was able to preach such a sermon as even he could seldom do, while his grand voice, "as soft as a flute and as piercing as a fife," carried for almost incredible distances, not only his text, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again,"



but all save the finer shadings of his message.

The letter of thanks and farewell sent by Mr. Whitefield from his dying bed at Newburyport, Massachusetts, did

not reach Parson and Mrs. Smith until more than a month after its writer had there drawn his last agonized breath; but it was long cherished as a token from an angel visitant.

---

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

---

The inscription on the memorial to William Black will take this form: "To the dear memory of William Black, Novelist. Erected by his many friends and admirers of all countries, on a spot which he knew and loved."

The number of visitors to the Burns' birthplace at Alloway indicates that there is no decline in the popularity of the Scottish national poet. During the year ending September 29th, 1900, 43,827 persons visited the cottage and 56,944 the monument, a considerable increase in each case over the number for the preceding year.

Sir George Smith, in a recent interesting article on Charlotte Brontë, says that his mother and sisters complained because she seemed always to be noting and analyzing people around her and everything that happened. His mother, he adds, was the "Mrs. Breton" of "Vilette," and he himself stood for "Dr. John." The scene at the Brussels theatre was suggested by Rachel, whom the Smiths took Charlotte Brontë to see.

A book recently published anonymously in London under the title "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters," has awakened a good deal of discussion, partly regarding the propriety of putting in cold print revelations of so intimate a character, and partly relating to the authorship. Among the names suggested are those of Edith Wharton,

Mrs. Meynell, Mrs. Craigie and Mrs. Fuller Maitland; but it is asserted with an appearance of authority that all the guesses are wrong.

The authorities of Oxford University appeal to the public asking for some suitable commemoration at Oxford of the services to learning and letters of the late Professor Max Müller. Besides some personal memorial, such as a bust or a portrait, they express a hope that a fund may be collected, the use of which shall permanently connect his name with Oriental study, perhaps in the publication of books dealing with ancient India, or the assistance of scholars in special works of research.

A companion volume to "Our Life After Death," which met with wide appreciation on its publication six years ago, is "Man and the Spiritual World," by the Rev. Arthur Chambers of King's College, London. The later book is written in the earnest and reverent tone which marked the earlier, and with the same desire to bring help and comfort. It is as forcible and convincing a presentation as could well be made of the Scriptural grounds for a belief in clairvoyance, clairaudience and other forms of communication with the "superphysical" world, and will be welcomed by those to whom these views appeal. George W. Jacobs & Co.

"On the threshold of the twentieth century," writes Lillian Whiting in her new volume, "The Spiritual Significance," "the time has come for faith to be informed by knowledge." The peculiarity of Miss Whiting's book which differentiates it from a multitude of others written with the purpose of making the spiritual world more real, is her attempt to show that the discoveries of modern science are aiding faith by disclosing the Röntgen rays, mesmerism, telepathy, wireless telegraphy and the like as causes for the phenomena of sacred history heretofore explained as miraculous. Upon the reader's ability to take this point of view depends the volume's helpfulness to him. Little, Brown & Co.

Children, those who have children to bring up, and those who know how children ought to be brought up—humanity seems to be dividing itself into these three classes nowadays. It will be the exceptional person who will refuse to take an interest in Charlotte Perkins Gilman's bright book, "Concerning Children," published by Small, Maynard & Co. On such practical subjects as discipline, diet, nurse-maids, kindergartens, ethical teaching, the respect due from age to youth and from youth to age, mothers' clubs and the like, Mrs. Gilman writes in a fresh, pungent and practical style. She is a pronounced advocate of the newer theories of child-training, and conservative people will not agree with all her views, but they will find her suggestive and stimulating—and eminently readable—not the less.

Under the title "The Royal Houses of Israel and Judah" (The Funk & Wagnalls Co.), the Rev. George O. Little, D.D., has collated from the narratives in the Hebrew Scriptures an interwoven history of the two kingdoms, with a harmony of parallel passages.

The arrangement is most ingenious, a continuous narrative in modern literary form, but in the words of the Bible, on one page, confronting on the opposite page the text as ordinarily printed. The materials from which this mosaic of Old Testament history is prepared are found not only in the six books of history, but in the Psalms and in Isaiah and other prophetic books. This is the first attempt at such a harmony of the Old Testament history, and its value will be instantly apparent to any Biblical student who turns these pages and notices the care and ingenuity with which they have been arranged.

Mr. George L. Weed of Philadelphia has added "A Life of St. John for the Young" to similar biographies of Christ and of St. Paul previously published. The materials for this latest biography are not so abundant as in the case of the others, and the life of St. John was so intimately associated with that of his Master that the writing of his life involves necessarily a retelling of many incidents in the life of Christ. Mr. Weed writes with a simplicity and directness which makes his narrative easily intelligible to children and his treatment of sacred themes is highly reverent. George L. Jacobs & Co.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. add this season to their list of books by Rev. Charles F. Dole—among which "The Theology of Civilization" will be remembered as of especial note—an attractive volume called "The Religion of a Gentleman." Premising that modern democracy has as much use for the "gentleman," in the broad sense of that word, as the older social orders ever had, Mr. Dole's aim is to show that to the completeness of character and the efficiency of service, religion is essential. Addressed not to the metaphysician or theologian, but to the lay reader, the argument is clear, straightforward,

ward and admirably adapted to its purpose. Mr. Dole writes from the standpoint of the "liberal" Christian, with a large-heartedness, candor and reverence which will command the respect of those who are not in entire agreement with his reasoning. His book is helpful and inspiring to an unusual degree, and should be widely read.

The thrilling and the picturesque are well blended in George Wharton James's account of his ten years spent "In and Around the Grand Canyon" of the Colorado, which Little, Brown & Co. publish. This wonderful gorge, unrivalled on our continent for scenery, is becoming as fascinating to the tourist as it has long been to the explorer and geologist; and Mr. James has shown excellent judgment in adding to his description of its structure, formation and flora, and his history of the attempts, successful and unsuccessful, to explore it, some chapters of practical detail about present modes of approach, railroad connections, advantageous points of view, opportunities for the camera and the like; but the value of the volume as a guide book does not in the least lessen its attractiveness to the general reader. The narrative passages are sometimes of intense interest, and vivid bits of description are supplemented by illustrations—more than a hundred in number—many of them from photographs taken by the author himself, and all of high quality.

Noticeable among a host of attractive books of the same general type is Rufus Rockwell Wilson's "Rambles in Colonial Byways," which the J. B. Lippincott Co. publish in two dainty little volumes, with full-page illustrations of unusually fine quality. Mr. Wilson's rambles have taken him around Long Island, about Old New York, along the old Albany post-road, to the valley of

the Mohawk, and back down the Hudson again, then to Philadelphia and Bethlehem, through "Washington's country," including the scenes of his childhood as well as later life, and at last to Yorktown. He has succeeded in reproducing for his readers not only the historical traditions he has gathered up, but the associations and atmosphere of bygone days, and his sketches have a literary charm quite out of the common. Among so much mere task-work as the reminiscent literature of our last decade includes, it is a genuine pleasure to read a book like this, which one feels gave genuine pleasure in the writing. It contains what so many such volumes lack, a satisfactory index.

In his monograph entitled "Napoleon: the Last Phase" (Harper & Bros.), Lord Rosebery presents a picture of the great Napoleon at St. Helena which is alive with human interest and touched with a generous sympathy. Precisely as a skilled photographer chooses the exact moment when the countenance of his subject is most truly self-revealing, Lord Rosebery has chosen the period in Napoleon's life when there was least masquerading, and when most of the true character of the man disclosed itself. To this circumstance we may attribute the fact that this brief and brilliant monograph gives a more vivid impression of the great figure which shook Europe and was magnificent even in desolation than many histories and biographies of portentous size. Through the narrative runs a manly indignation over the ineffable meannesses of Napoleon's jailers, and the petty persecution to which he was subjected. The fine analysis, acute generalizations and noble eloquence of the final chapters must deepen the regret of the reader that so splendid an historian as Lord Rosebery might have been has been spooled in the making of an indifferently successful statesman.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- America, A Literary History of.** By Barrett Wendell. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$3.00.
- Anneke, A Little Dame of New Netherlands.** By Elizabeth W. Champney. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Company. Price \$2.00.
- Asia, The Problem of.** By Capt. A. T. Mahan. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Belles, Famous American, of the Nineteenth Century.** By Virginia Tatnall Peacock. Price \$3.00.
- Chaucer, Geoffrey, Complete Poetical Works of.** 2 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price \$4.00.
- Constitution, The Frigate.** By Ira N. Hollis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Discoverers, The World's.** By William Henry Johnson. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Eleanor.** By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Harper & Bros. Price \$1.50.
- Eads, James B.** By Louis How. Riverside Biographical Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price 75 cts.
- Faiths of Famous Men.** By John Kenyon Kilbourn, D. D. Henry T. Coates & Co. Price \$2.00.
- Falaise, the Town of the Conqueror.** By Anna Bowman Dodd. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$2.00.
- Forward Movements of the Last Half Century.** By Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price \$1.50.
- Franklin, Benjamin.** By Paul Elmer More. Riverside Biographical Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price 75 cents.
- Grand Canyon, In and Around the.** By George Wharton James. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co. Price \$3.00.
- Great Battles of the World.** By Stephen Crane. J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$1.50.
- Heirs of Yesterday.** By Emma Wolf. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.00.
- How to Succeed.** By Austin Blerbower. R. F. Fenno & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Houston, Sam. The Beacon Biographies.** By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75 cents.
- Jackson, Stonewall. The Beacon Biographies.** By Carl Hovey. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75 cents.
- John, St., A Life of, for the Young.** By George Ludington Weed. George W. Jacobs & Co. Price 75 cents.
- Literary Friends and Acquaintance.** By William Dean Howells. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. Price \$2.50.
- Literary Rambles At Home and Abroad.** By Theodore F. Wolfe, M. D., Ph. D. J. B. Lippincott Co. Price \$1.25.
- Missions, Christian, A Study of.** By William Newton Clarke, D. D. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.25.
- Napoleon—The Last Phase.** By Lord Rosebery. Harper & Bros. Price \$3.00.
- Nature's Miracles. Vol. III. Electricity and Magnetism.** By Elisha Gray, P.H.D., L.L.D. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
- Psalms, The Poetry of the.** By Henry Van Dyke, D.D. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price 60 cents.
- Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām. Rendered into English Verse by Edward Fitzgerald.** With drawings by Florence Lundborg. Doxey's At the Sign of the Lark. Price \$5.00.
- Science, Nineteenth Century, The Story of.** By Henry Smith Williams. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. Price \$2.50.
- Slavery of our Times, The.** By Leo Tolstoy. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Social Betterment, Religious Movements for.** By Josiah Strong. The Baker Taylor Co. Price 50 cents.
- Songs of All the Colleges.** Compiled and arranged by David B. Chamberlain (Harvard) and Karl P. Harrington (Wesleyan). Hinds & Noble Price \$1.50.
- Talmud, Wit and Wisdom of the.** Edited by Madison C. Peters. Price \$1.00.
- Tuskegee.** By Max Bennett Thrasher. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.00.
- Visiting the Sin. A Tale of Mountain Life in Kentucky and Tennessee.** By Emma Rayner. Small, Maynard & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Wesley, John. The Beacon Biographies.** By Frank Banfield. Small, Maynard & Co. Price 75 cents.
- With Ring of Shield.** By Knox Magee. R. F. Fenno & Co. Price \$1.50.

s  
y  
l  
e  
y  
p.  
s.  
d  
e  
e  
y  
r.  
d  
e  
e  
of  
y  
l.  
e  
no  
e  
e  
e  
d  
r.  
g.  
e  
l.  
e  
r.  
o.  
n  
y  
&  
l.  
l.  
a.  
o.